



IN ALL FRANCE

Children in Town and Country

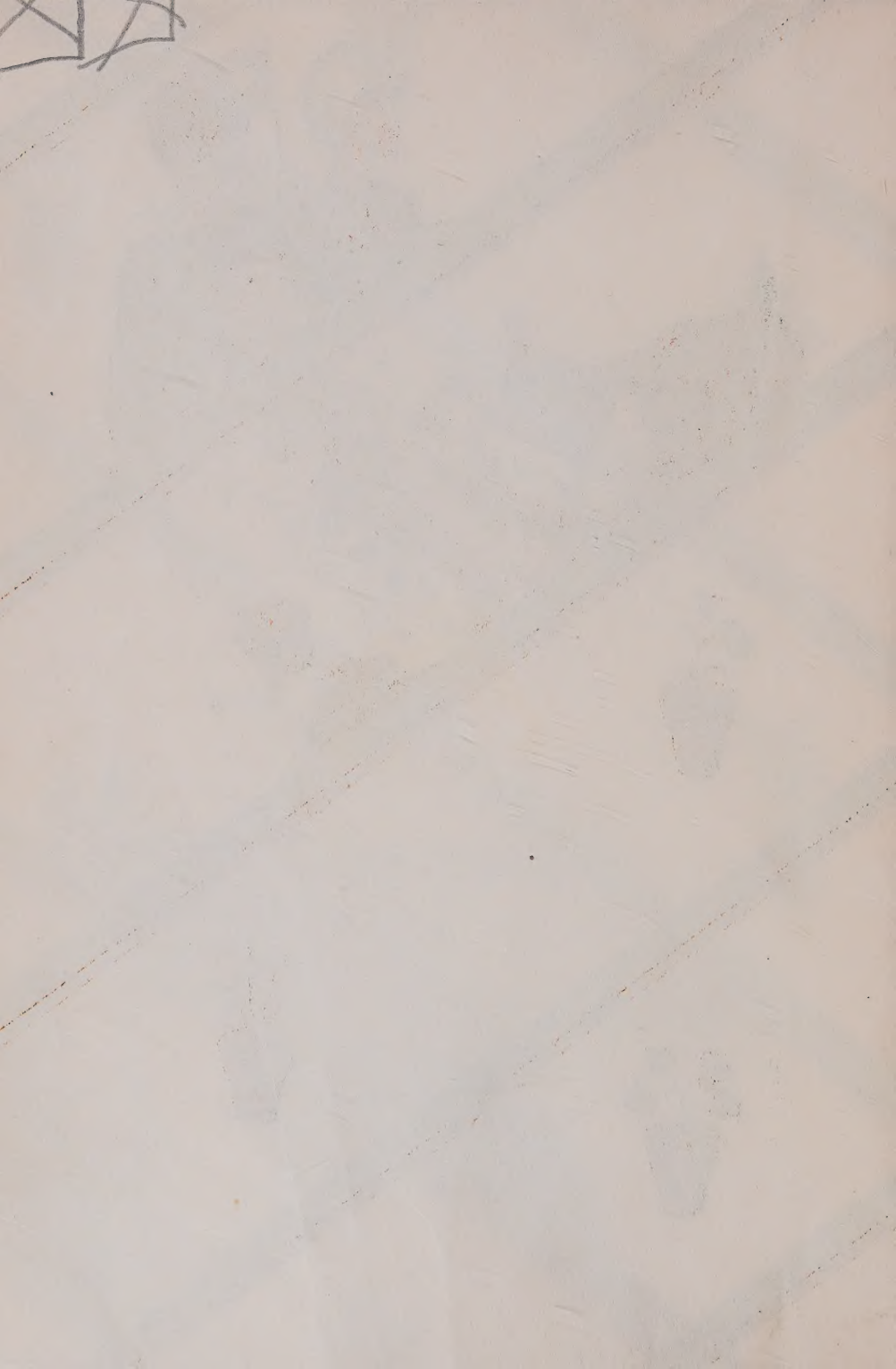
ANATOLE FRANCE

Translated by
Dr. A. G. Wippern

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCILLE ENDERS

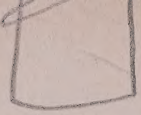






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Children in Town and Country

BY ANATOLE FRANCE

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Dr. A.G. Wippert

Illustrated by Lucille Enders


ALBERT & WHITMAN
& CO.
CHICAGO

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YOUNG-HEART BOOKS
TELLING ABOUT OTHER NATIONS' YOUNG LIFE

The Nutcracker and the Mouse-King
East of the Sun and West of the Moon
Happy Surprises
Hans Brinker
Pinocchio
Heidi

Printed in the U. S. A.



INTRODUCTION

The name of Anatole France was well known in his native country before the death of Victor Hugo in 1885; and his literary reputation extended to other countries in such measure that when he passed away in 1924 at the advanced age of eighty years, he was recognized as one of the world's greatest writers, a philosopher and a champion of honor, honesty and brotherhood. Like Hugo, he wrote poetry, novels and history and like him showed great courage in the defense of his principles of socialism and humanity.

That such a man should have written sketches about children is fortunate for us, for in these he reveals himself and gives us a picture of his real character. We appreciate his profound scholarship, his humor and his kindness but we never could have understood his great sympathy for children without these stories.

It goes without saying that Anatole France knew and loved children and his affection extended to flowers, trees and animals. If these stories are read to the children and elucidated, it must create in them a greater regard for each other and a deep feeling for the manifestations of nature.

DR. A. G. WIPPERN





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IN ALL FRANCE



She knows the conversations of the Crow and the Fox, the Donkey and the Little Dog and the Rooster and the Hen.

(From the story "The School")



He is Doctor So-Much-the-Worse.

(From the story "Getting Well")

IN ALL FRANCE

A CHILD'S DINNER PARTY

A dinner party is real fun. It may be very simple or very elaborate, as you please. It is even possible to have a dinner party without anything to eat, but in that case a wonderful imagination is necessary.

Thérèse and her little sister Pauline have invited Pierre and Marthe to a dinner party in the country. It is strictly formal and the usual invitations have been sent. For days it has been the subject of conversation.

Mother has given the two sisters instructions and what is more important, delicacies to eat. They will have some nougats and eclairs, not to forget the chocolate cream. The table will be spread in an arbor.

“If we only have fine weather!” exclaims Thérèse, who is nine years old. At her age one knows that the fondest hopes are often transformed into disappointment in this world and that nobody can do as he pleases. But little Pauline does not trouble herself in that way. She cannot foresee bad weather. It’s going to be a fine day because she wishes it.

And behold! the day of the party is clear and sunny. Not a cloud can be seen. The two invited guests have come. What happiness! Their coming was another source of anxiety to Thérèse who knew that Marthe had a cold and feared that she might not be well enough to come on the appointed day.

As to little Pierre, everybody knows that he always misses his train. But don’t blame him for that. It is his misfortune and he cannot help it; his mother is never on time. Everywhere little Pierre always arrives last; he has never



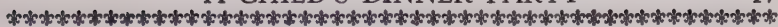
Dinner is served; Thérèse is hostess at the table and Pierre carves the fowl.

seen anything begin and has become indifferent. Strangely enough, he arrived exactly at the time appointed by the invitation. This time his mother did not miss the train, because she made a mistake in the hour.

Dinner is served. Pauline, Marthe and Pierre take your places! Thérèse is hostess at the table; she is thoughtful and serious, because responsibilities awaken her domestic instincts.

Pierre carves the fowl like a hero, his nose almost down to the plate and his elbows above his head. With great effort he separates a leg from the chicken. His whole body, even his feet, takes part in the struggle.

Mademoiselle Marthe eats with refinement, no display, no noise, just like a fine lady. Pauline is less concerned in her manner; she eats as she pleases and as much as possible. Thérèse, sometimes serving, sometimes eating, is satisfied and happy. Her satisfaction is better than joy.



The little dog, Gyp, has come to eat what is left and Thérèse, seeing him crunch the bones, thinks that dogs have not developed the delicacy and refinement which make the dinners of grown-ups and the little parties of children so elegant.



CATHERINE'S DAY AT HOME

The clock strikes five and Mademoiselle Catherine is receiving her dolls for it is her day at home. The dolls do not say a word for the fairy who permitted them to smile denied them speech. And it is really fortunate that they cannot talk for otherwise we should hear nothing else. However, the group is talkative enough. Mademoiselle Catherine speaks for her visitors as well as for herself,—she supplies not only the questions but the answers also.

“Madame, how do you do?” “Very well, Madame. I broke my arm yesterday morning on the way to buy some cakes. But it is healed.”

“Indeed, so much the better. And how is your little girl?” “She has the whooping cough.” “Too bad. Does she cough much?” “Not at all, she has the kind without the cough.”

“Do you know that I had two more children



She insists that they help themselves.

last week?" "Is that so? That's four, is it not?" "Four or five, I cannot say. You know when there are so many, one gets mixed up."

"You have a very pretty dress." "Thanks, but I have many more beautiful at home."

"Do you attend the theatre?" "Yes, every evening. Yesterday I was at the Opera but Punch did not appear because a wolf had eaten him up."

"My dear, I go to a dance every day. It's so amusing." "Yes, I wear my blue gown and dance with the young men of the better class,—generals, princes, and confectioners."

"My dear, you look like an angel today." "Spring is here." "Yes, but it is too bad that it is snowing." "I like the snow because it is white." "Then, there is a black snow." "True, but it is not a pretty snow."

That is a fine conversation and Mademoiselle Catherine never stops a moment. She, however,

CATHERINE'S DAY AT HOME

is guilty of a breach of etiquette, for she converses only with the same person who happens to be very pretty and wears a beautiful dress. That is not nice. The ideal hostess treats all her guests with the same affability, courtesy and attention, but if there is any difference it is in favor of the timid and less fortunate person. One should flatter the unfortunate, the only flattery in good taste!

But Catherine has found this out for herself. She learns what true politeness is for her heart is in the right place. Her guests are all served with tea—no one is forgotten. She is now more attentive to the dolls that are poor, unfortunate and timid and insists that they help themselves to the little invisible cakes and the sandwiches which are dominoes.

Some fine day Catherine will hold a salon and you may be certain that all the old traditions of French courtesy and etiquette will be observed.

THE LITTLE ARTIST

Michel is the son of an artist. He often watches his father create on canvas the most marvelous pictures of men and animals and reproduce in color the earth, sea, sky, and all of nature. He notices how finely his father paints smiling women with soft white skin, brilliant eyes and dewy lips. When I am a man, thought little Michel, I shall not paint women. I shall paint horses, which is much better.

He has already tried to draw the most beautiful animals that he could imagine. But the horses which come from his pencil have one quality in that they do not look like horses. They resemble, rather, ostriches on four legs. Painting is really difficult.

However, Michel makes great progress and now on inspection of his drawings one almost suspects what they are intended to represent.



Today Michel completed his largest composition. In it are men, boats and windmills.

He has patience and love of his work, and these constitute genius. Time will do the rest and perhaps Michel will become as great a painter as his father some day.

Yesterday he covered a large sheet of paper with a lovely composition, the subject of which is a gentleman, cane in hand, walking by the seashore. Save that his arm seems to come from his chest, the gentleman is well drawn. He has four buttons on his coat and that is perfection. Near him is a tree and in the distance a boat. The gentleman looks as if he were about to take the boat in his hand and wished to swallow the tree. It is faulty in perspective but this same error is pointed out in the greatest masters.

Today Michel completed his largest composition. In it are men, boats and wind-mills. He puts the last touch to the great work. To him it seems that the boats glide on the water and the sails of the wind-mills are turning. He is



proud of himself and glories in his work, like all great artists.

However, he does not consider the little kitten playing at his feet with a ball of yarn. No sooner has Michel left the room than the little kitten jumps upon the table and upsets the ink-stand on the papers, with a knock of its white paw. Thus perishes the master work of Michel. When he finds it out he will be sad but soon he will make another even greater work to prove his victory over ill fortune.



FANCHON

Very early one morning Fanchon, just like little Red Riding Hood, leaves home to spend the day with her grandmother whose cottage is the very last at the end of the village. But Fanchon does not loiter in the woods to gather flowers like little Red Riding Hood. She follows the road, never turning from her course and she does not see any wolf.

At a great distance she sees seated on the stone step her dear old toothless grandmother who welcomes her with a smile and with open arms as dry and gnarled as a grape vine. It is Fanchon's greatest joy to pass an entire day at the home of her grandmother who, having neither cares nor troubles, lives like a cricket in the warmth of the hearth and rejoices in the sight of her son's little daughter, the image of her youthful days. They have much to talk about



It is Fanchon's greatest joy to pass an entire day at her grandmother's.

since one is returning from the journey of life
and the other is about to start out.

“You are growing bigger every day,” says grandmother to Fanchon, “and I am getting smaller; you see that I hardly have to stoop to kiss your forehead. Does it matter how old I am since I can recover the roses of my youth in your cheeks, my dear Fanchon?”

Then Fanchon has grandmother explain for the hundredth time, with renewed pleasure, all the curiosities that glitter under the glass globe; the painting showing our generals in beautiful uniforms forcing their enemies out of the land; the gilded cups, some deprived of handles and others with them; and grandfather’s gun that is suspended from a peg where he fastened it himself above the fireplace for the last time, thirty years ago.

But the hours pass quickly and it is time to prepare the noon-day meal. Grandmother re-

kindles the fire which was almost out; then she breaks the eggs in a black platter. Fanchon watches with interest the omelette with bacon as it splutters over the fire and soon the golden yellow product is done.

There are two things in which grandmother excels: she makes the best omelettes with bacon and tells the most charming stories. Fanchon, seated on her little bench, her chin hardly reaching the table, eats her omelette which is piping hot and drinks some sparkling cider. Grandmother, however, eats her meal standing near the fireplace as is her custom. She has a knife in her right hand and the left holds a bit of stew on a crust of bread. When both have finished their repast, says Fanchon:

“Grandmother, tell me about the ‘Blue Bird’.”

Grandmother then tells Fanchon how at the caprice of a bad fairy a beautiful Prince was

transformed into a bluebird and of the great grief that the Princess suffered when she heard of the transformation and when she saw her beloved covered with blood flying toward the window of the tower where she was imprisoned.

Fanchon remains thoughtful. "Grandmother," says she, "how long is it since the Blue Bird flew toward the tower where the Princess was locked up?"

Grandmother replies that it was long, long ago, when animals talked.

"Were you a child then?" asks Fanchon.

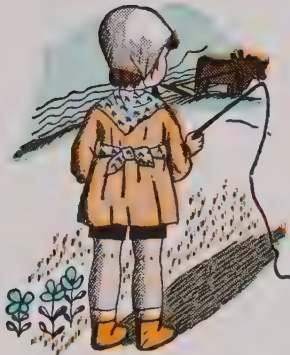
"That was before I was born," is grandmother's answer.

And Fanchon asks: "Grandmother, was there anything in the world even before you were born?"

Then when the conversation is finished, grandmother gives Fanchon an apple and some bread and says:

“Go out, my dear, go out into the garden,
play and eat your bread and apple.”

Fanchon goes into the garden where there
are trees, grass, flowers and birds.



FANCHON

GRANDMOTHER'S YARD

In grandmother's yard are flowers, grass and birds, and Fanchon does not think that in the whole world there is so pretty a yard. She has already taken her knife from her pocket to cut her bread after the manner of the people in the village.

At first she eats her apple and then she begins to bite into the bread. Then a little bird flutters about her and soon a second and a third. It is not long before there are ten, then twenty, and finally thirty little birds about Fanchon. Some are grey, some red, others either yellow, green or blue.

All of them are pretty and all are singing and Fanchon at first wonders what they want, but she soon perceives that it is bread they are after, those little beggars. Indeed, they are

beggars, but also singers. The kind little Fanchon cannot refuse bread to any one who repays the debt by singing.

She is just a little country girl and does not know that at some time, long, long ago in a country where the white rocks are bathed by a blue sea, an old blind man earned his living by singing to the shepherds those heroic poems which the learned even admire to this day. But the little birds reach her heart and she throws them some crumbs of bread which the birds get on the wing before they fall to the ground.

Fanchon observes that the birds have different characters. Some form a circle about her feet and patiently wait for the crumbs to fall into their bills. These birds are the philosophers. She notices on the other hand some birds which flutter with great skill about her. She actually spies a little thief that has the audacity to peck at her slice of bread. She breaks the bread into

pieces and throws the crumbs to all. But the birds do not fare equally well. Fanchon perceives that the most bold and clever leave nothing for the others.

“That is not right,” she says. “Each bird shall take its turn.”

She is not noticed. When speaking of justice, one is seldom heard. She tries all methods to assist the weak and encourage the timid; but it comes to nothing and do what she will she feeds the fat at the expense of the thin. That makes her angry, for simple child that she is, she does not know that such is the way of the world.

Crumb by crumb the slice of bread goes into the mouths of the little singers and Fanchon goes happily into grandmother's cottage.

FANCHON

GOING HOME

When night has come, grandmother takes the basket in which Fanchon has carried her a cake, fills it with apples and grapes, puts the handle over the child's arm and says:

"Fanchon, go straight home and do not stop to play with any of the naughty children of the village; always be a good girl. Good-bye."

She then kisses her. But Fanchon does not move; in deep thought she remains on the doorstep.

"Grandmother," says she.

"What do you want, my dear?" asks grandmother.

Fanchon replies: "I should like to know if there are any fine princes among the birds that ate my bread today."

"Now, dear, there are no more fairies, birds

are all merely animals," answers grandmother.

"Good-bye, grandmother."

"Good-bye, Fanchon."

Fanchon departs over the meadow toward her home of which she can see the smoking chimney at a distance against the sky, reddened by the setting sun. On the road she meets Antoine, the gardener's little boy. He says:

"Are you going to play with me?"

She replies: "No, I shall not play with you because my grandmother has forbidden me to do so. But I am going to give you an apple, because I love you so much." Antoine takes the apple and kisses Fanchon. These two love each other. When he speaks of her he says: "She is my little wife." And she says: "He is my little husband."

As she continues her course along the road at a regular gait with the persistence of a thoughtful and wise grown-up she hears behind



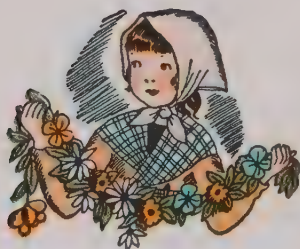
"But I am going to give you an apple," says Fanchon.

her the pretty voices of birds and turning her head, she recognizes the little beggars that she had fed when they were hungry. They follow her.

“Good-night, dear friends,” she cries. “It is time to go to bed, good-night.”

The winged songsters reply by chirps which mean “God bless you” in their language.

Thus accompanied by their song does little Fanchon return to her home.



FANCHON

THE LITTLE BED

Fanchon goes without a light to rest in her little bed, devised and constructed by the village carpenter and joiner from what had been long ago a black-walnut boat and light balustrades. The good old soul has been sleeping near the village church for many a year under a black cross in a bed covered with grass. Fanchon's little bed had even been used by her grandfather when he was a child and the little girl now sleeps on the ancestral couch. She sleeps, and a pink flowered curtain of cotton shelters her slumber; she sleeps and dreams she sees the Bluebird flying to the castle of his beloved.

He seems as beautiful as a star but she does not expect that he will light on her shoulder. She knows she is not a princess and will not be visited by a prince transformed into a bluebird.



However, she tells herself all birds are not princes and that among the simple village lads there might be one who had been transformed by some ill-natured fairy into a sparrow carrying in his heart under his grey feathers, the love of little Fanchon.

To this lad, if she could recognize him, she would not only give crumbs of bread, but also cakes and kisses. She would like to see him; she does see him; he lights on her shoulder. He is only a jack-sparrow and that is all. There is nothing special about him but he is quick and active. To tell the truth he looks the worse for wear; his tail lacks one feather; perhaps he has lost it in battle or owing to the agency of some bad fairy of the village.

Fanchon thinks he is a bad one. But she is a girl and she does not care if her sparrow is stubborn if he only has a kind heart. She caresses him and calls him endearing names. All at once

he becomes large; he becomes longer; his wings change to arms; he becomes a boy and Fanchon recognizes him; it is Antoine, the little son of the gardener, who says:

“Don’t you want to play with me?”

She claps her hands, she is so happy, she is about to—

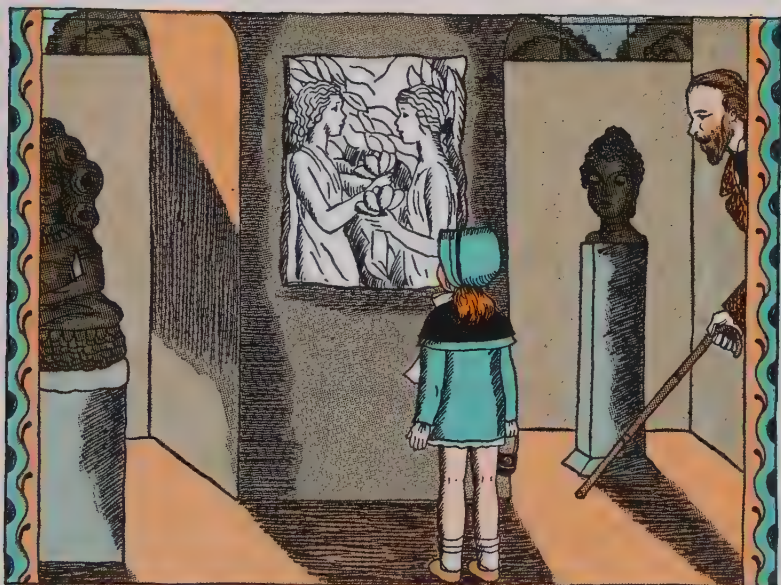


But suddenly she wakes up and rubs her eyes. No sparrow, no Antoine, she is alone in her room. Dawn which penetrates the flowered curtain spreads an innocent light over her little couch. She hears the birds singing in the garden. She jumps from her bed in her nightgown. She opens the window and recognizes in the garden of roses, geraniums and morning glories, her little beggars, her little musicians of old. They are seated in a row on the fence, giving her a morning song in return for her crumbs.

SUZANNE

The Louvre in Paris is a museum where beautiful and ancient things are safely kept and that is quite right, for age and beauty are equally venerable.

Now among the most appealing antiquities of the Louvre is a marble fragment broken and worn in many places, but yet easily discernible are two maidens each holding a flower. They are both beautiful and were young in the early years of Greece. It is said that this time was the age of beauty. The sculptor who carved those figures and left them for us represents them in profile—each maiden presenting to the other a cup-shaped lotus flower which was considered sacred. From its white blossom humanity was thought to breathe in forgetfulness of the miseries of life. Our scholars have spent much time in the study of these maidens. They have looked



"Each girl gives the other the same kind of flower."

into many great books, some bound in parchment, some in calf and many in pig-skin; but they could not explain why each maiden was holding a flower in her hand.

Now what these learned men could not discover after work and thought, by the sweat of the brow and the burning of midnight oil, little Mademoiselle Suzanne finds out at once.

Her father has taken her to the Louvre where he had business to transact. Mademoiselle Suzanne observes the antiques with surprise and seeing some of the gods had lost legs, arms or the head, she says to herself, "These are the dolls of the gentlemen and I see that they break their dolls just like little girls." But when she passes before the maidens, each with a flower, she throws them a kiss because she thinks they are so pretty. Her father asks her, "Why does one give the other a flower?" And Suzanne at once replies, "To wish each other happiness

on their birthday.” Then, after a moment of thought, she replies. “They have the same birthday; they are just alike and each girl gives the other the same kind of flower. Good friends should have their birthdays on the same day.”

Suzanne is now far away from the Louvre and from the antique marbles; she is now in the kingdom of birds and flowers. On the brighter days of spring she spends her time in the fields near the woods. She plays in the grass and that is the pleasantest sort of play. She has just remembered that this is her friend Jacqueline’s birthday and that is why she is going to pick her some flowers and give them to her with a kiss.



GETTING WELL

Germaine was sick. Nobody knew the cause, for the arm that sows the seed of fever is as invisible as the hand of the sandman who, every evening, pours sleep into the eyes of children. But Germaine was not sick very long and now is recovering from her sickness which gave her very little pain. Convalescence is even nicer than the perfect recovery which follows it, just as hopes and desires are quite often better than realization. Germaine's bed is in a pretty blue room and her dreams are of the same bright color.

She still looks with weary eyes at her doll which sleeps beside her bed. The doll was sick at the same time as its little mother. There is deep sympathy between a little girl and her doll. Now both are getting well. They will take their first carriage ride together—Germaine and her doll.

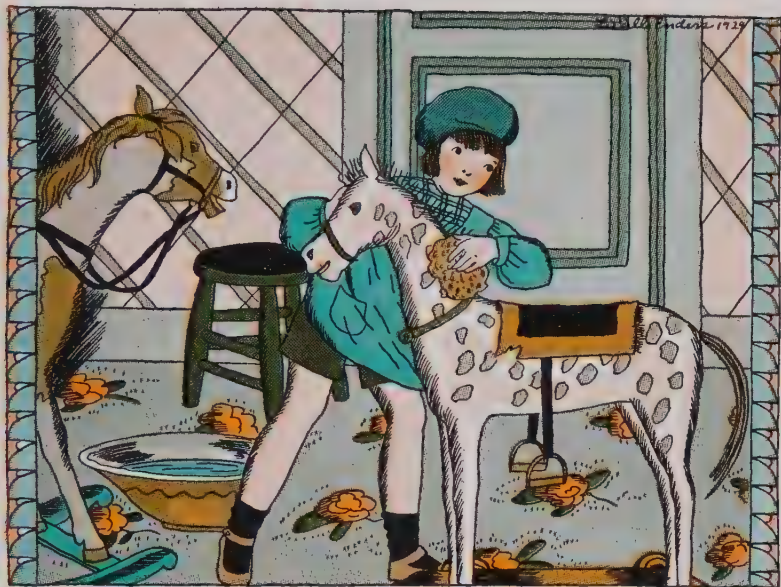
The dolly has had a doctor too. Alfred came to feel dolly's pulse. He is Doctor So-Much-The-Worse. He speaks of nothing but amputations of arms and legs. But Germaine begs so pitifully that he consents to cure the doll without cutting it to pieces. He just prescribes the most bitter herb teas.

Sickness has at least one advantage: we find out our friends. Germaine knows now that she can depend upon the kindness of Alfred. She also knows that Lucie is the best of sisters. During the nine days that she was sick, Lucie came to study her lessons and sew in the blue bedroom. She, herself, brought the herb tea to the little patient. And this was not bitter like tea that Alfred prescribed for the doll, but a delicious drink, balmy with the odor of wild flowers.

When drinking her tea, Germaine thinks of the flowery paths of the mountain where she spent the previous year, spots dear to the chil-

dren and the bees. Alfred also recalls the beautiful roads, the woods, the springs and the donkeys with their tinkling bells, climbing up at the very edge of the precipice.





ROGER'S HOBBY HORSE

A stable is really a great care. A horse is a delicate animal and requires no end of attention. Just ask Roger.

At the present moment he is cleaning his beautiful chestnut which would be the gem of wooden horses, the flower of the stables in the Black Forest, if he had not lost part of his tail in

battle. Roger would like to know if the tails of wooden horses grow again.

After the pretended use of the curry-comb and brush, Roger gives his horses the imaginary allotment of oats. That is the proper way to feed these wooden phantoms that carry little boys across the country of dreams.

Roger is going out for a ride. He has mounted his horse. Although the poor beast no longer has any ears and his mane looks like an old broken comb, still Roger likes him. Why? Who knows? A poor man presented him with this bay horse and the gifts of the poor have a secret charm. Do you not recall that God blessed the widow's mite?

Roger is on the way and has reached a distant country. The flowers on the carpet are tropical to his mind. A pleasant journey, little Roger! May your hobby conduct you safely and pleasantly everywhere! Let us hope that

you may never have a more dangerous ride. The great and the small all ride their hobby, and please tell me who has no hobby. The hobbies of man rush blindly like lunatics down all the roads of life. One man wishes glory, the other seeks pleasure. Many hobbies jump over precipices and lead their riders to destruction.

I hope, little Roger, when you have reached manhood that two hobbies will always conduct you along the right road: The one is bold and strong and is called courage; the other is docile and gentle, and his name is kindness.



MARIE

Little girls have a natural desire to pick flowers on earth and the stars out of heaven. But the stars cannot be picked and they teach little girls that in this world there are wants which cannot be gratified. Mademoiselle Marie has gone into the park; she comes across a bed of hydrangeas and she knows that their flowers are beautiful, and that is why she tries to pick one of them. This is very difficult. She tugs at the plant with both hands and takes a great risk of falling on her back when the stem breaks. She is happy and proud of her feat. But her nurse has seen her. She scolds, she runs forward and grabs Mademoiselle Marie by the arm, and punishes her, not by putting her in a dark closet, but under a large chestnut tree, in the shade of an immense Japanese umbrella.

There Mademoiselle Marie, surprised and astonished, sits and reflects. Her flower in her hand, under the umbrella which is like a halo about her, she has the appearance of an oriental idol.

The nurse says: "Marie, I forbid you to put this flower in your mouth. If you disobey, your little dog Toto will eat off your ears." Having spoken thus, she goes away.

The little sinner, like a statue under her gorgeous canopy, looks about her and observes the heaven and earth, which are truly very fine, and for a time the little girl can enjoy their contemplation. But the flower of the hydrangeas concerns her more than everything else.

She thinks: "A flower should be fragrant."

She then puts the beautiful pink flower softened with a tinge of blue to her nose, but she smells nothing. In fact she is not familiar with the odor of perfumes and it was only a short

time ago that she blew on a rose instead of sniffing its fragrance.

Do not make fun of her for that, for one cannot learn everything at one time. Moreover, even if she had as keen a sense of smell as her mother, she could not detect an odor where there is none.

The hydrangea which has no odor, in spite of its beauty, soon fails to attract us. But Mademoiselle Marie puts on her thinking cap and says to herself: "Maybe this flower is as sweet as sugar." She then opens her mouth widely and is about to put the flower to her lips. A bark of a dog resounds: "Wow, wow!" and stops her movement. It comes from the little dog Toto, who jumping over the border of geraniums, and standing in front of her, his ears straight up, gives her a sharp look from his big animated eyes.



The bark comes from the little dog Toto.

THE FANCY DRESS BALL

Here we see little boys impersonating great conquerors; and over there are little girls dressed like well-known heroines of history. We notice many shepherdesses, in hoop skirts and wreaths of roses, and shepherds in satin clothes carrying crooks with lovely riband knots. How pretty and white the sheep must have been in the folds of the shepherds! Among others, one sees Alexander and Zaire, Pyrrhus and Merope, Mahomet, Harlequin, Pierrot, Scapin, Blaise and Babette. They have come to dance from many lands—from Greece and Rome and even Fairyland.

What a pretty affair is the fancy ball and just think of it—to be a king or famous princess, even for one short hour. Fortunately it is not necessary to back up the costume by deeds or even speech. It would not be so amusing to



It is pleasant for little boys and girls to look like great persons.

wear the clothes of heroes if one had to endure their hardships and sorrow. Most heroes conceal a broken heart and for the most part they have become illustrious because of their misfortunes. If their lives had been happy they would be unknown.

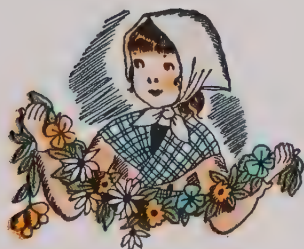
Merope did not want to be a dancer. Pyrrhus' life was foully taken by Orestes at the time set for his nuptials, and the innocent Zaire fell by the hand of her lover, the philosophical Turk. Regarding Blaise and Babette, the song tells us that the lovers will suffer disappointment forever.

Should I mention Pierrot and Scapin? You know very well those rascals often had their ears pulled. No, indeed, the price of glory is high, even a clown's like Harlequin. On the other hand it is pleasant for little boys and girls to look like great persons. That is why there is no enjoyment equal to a fancy-dress ball, when the



costumes are magnificent. It gives one courage even to wear the costumes. Moreover, how elegant your friends look in their feathers and mantles. What gallantry and pride in their carriage, what fine faces; indeed, they have the elegance and refinement of the grand old days.

Up in the gallery unseen are the musicians tuning their violins. They seem sad and gentle, and open before them on their music stands is a quadrille composed in pompous style. They are about to begin. At the first sounds, our heroes and masques open the dance.



THE SCHOOL

I maintain and tell everybody that there is no school for girls in the whole world that compares with the one conducted by Mademoiselle Genseigne. All of her pupils are clever and diligent and you cannot imagine a more delightful sight than the rows of motionless bodies supporting heads on stiff necks. They are not unlike small bottles into which Mademoiselle Genseigne pours her instruction.

Mademoiselle Genseigne is stiffly perched on her high chair, absolutely precise and proper. Her countenance reflects at the same time profound sadness and gentleness. Her braided hair and white tippet invite sympathy and respect.

Mademoiselle, who is very learned, is teaching her pupils arithmetic. She calls on Rose Benoît.



All of Mademoiselle's pupils are clever and diligent.

“Rose Benoît, if I take four from twelve, what is left?”

“Four!” answers Rose Benoît.

Mademoiselle Genseigne is not satisfied with her answer.

“And you, Emmeline Capel, if I take four from twelve, what is left?”

“Eight,” answers Emmeline Capel.

“Do you hear, Rose Benoît, eight are left,” adds Mademoiselle Genseigne.

Rose Benoît sinks into deep thought. She heard that Mademoiselle Genseigne has eight left, but she does not know whether it is eight hats or eight handkerchiefs or even eight apples or eight plus. This thought bothers her for a long time. She cannot understand arithmetic anyway. But in the other things, like sacred history, she is very apt. There is not a single pupil in the whole class who can describe the Garden of Eden or Noah’s Ark like Rose Benoît.

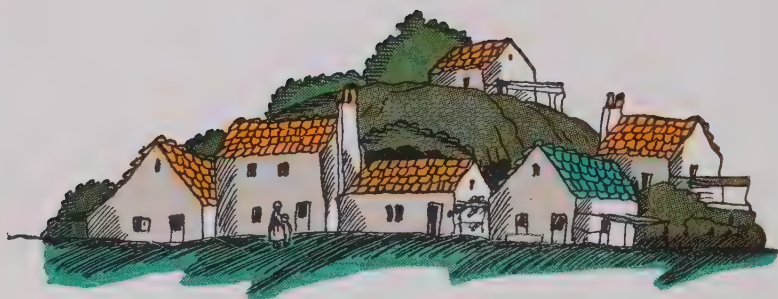
She knows as many fables as Mademoiselle Genseigne herself. She knows the legends of the Crow and the Fox, the Donkey and the Little Dog, and the Rooster and the Hen. She is not surprised to hear that at one time long ago animals used to talk. She surely understands the language of her big dog Tom and her little canary Chirp.

She is right; animals have always talked and do so yet, but they only speak to their friends. Rose Benoît loves them, and they love her. That is why she understands them. To understand them, there is nothing like love.

Today Rose Benoît had a perfect recitation and got a good mark. Emmeline Capel also had a good mark for her lesson in arithmetic.

After school Emmeline tells her mother that she has received a good mark and asks: "Mother, what's the use of a good mark?" "It's a reward," answered Emmeline's mother. "That's why you

should be proud of it. You will find out some day, my child, that the recompense most esteemed brings honor rather than profit.”



COURAGE

Louison and Frédéric go to school along the main street of the village. The sun is laughing and the children are singing, singing like larks, because their hearts are free and gay. They are singing an old song that their grandmothers had sung when they were little tots and which will some day be sung by the children of their children, for songs are immortal gifts that fly from lip to lip for all time. Lips fade, they come and go, but song flies on forever. There are some songs that had their origin at a time when all the men were shepherds and the women shepherdesses and that is why their subjects are wolves and sheep.

Louison and Frédéric are singing, their mouths are as round as a flower and their song, sharp and clear, pierces the morning air. But

suddenly the tones waver and stick in Frédéric's throat.

What invisible power grips his neck and chokes off his song? It is fear, just fear. Every day he is fated to meet the butcher's dog at the end of the village road and every day at the sight of him he feels a clutching of the heart, and his legs weaken.

Strangely enough the butcher's dog neither attacks nor even bothers him. He is peaceably resting on the door step of his master's shop, but he is black and his eyes are fixed and as red as blood. His sharp white teeth protrude from his lips. He looks fierce. And then he is resting on his haunches, with a background of chopped meat and hash. He seems more savage on account of his surroundings. One knows that he has not made all this slaughter but that he is the king of this strange realm. This butcher's dog has a fierce look.



He is peaceably resting on the doorstep of his master's shop.



Moreover, whenever Frédéric perceives the dog at a distance he picks up a big stone like men who wish to protect themselves against vicious dogs, and he slinks along the wall across the street.

This time again he uses these tactics and Louison laughs at him. She does not address him in abusive and violent language which ordinarily leads to something worse. No, indeed, she says not a word, but continues to sing in a different voice which is so full of sarcasm that Frédéric blushes to his ears. Then his little brain begins to work. He learns that one should fear shame more than danger. He is fearful of showing fear. Again then when after school he sees the butcher's dog he boldly passes before the astonished animal.

It is recorded in history that he looks at Louison from the corner of his eye to satisfy himself that she has noticed his bravery. It may



be truly said that if there were none of the gentle sex in the world, men would not be so courageous.



THE MISTAKES OF GREATNESS

Roger, Marcel, Bernard, Jacques and Étienne want to visit their friend Jean and they have taken the highway which runs east and west through the fields and meadows like a pretty yellow ribbon.

Now they are off. They proceed in a line side by side, which is the best arrangement. The only trouble is that Étienne is too small. He increases his efforts, he hastens his gait. He lengthens the stride of his short legs as much as possible. He swings his arms to aid his progress, but in vain; he is too small to keep up with his friends. He remains behind because he is too little. It is useless.

The older, big fellows do not wait for him. They should set a suitable pace, you say. They should do so, but they do not. "Forward" is the cry of the strong and they leave the weak be-

hind. But what is the end of the story? Suddenly our four big strong fellows stop for they observe on the ground a jumping creature. The animal hops because it is a frog and it wants to get in the meadow at the side of the road. This meadow is its mother country which it loves and by jumping it hopes to reach its home near a brook. It hops and hops.

The frog is green and has the appearance of a fresh leaf. Bernard, Roger, Jacques and Marcel set out in hot pursuit. You see them in the meadow and soon they feel their feet sinking deeper and deeper in the boggy ground which feeds the coarse grass. A few steps more and they have sunk up to their knees. The tall grass conceals the marsh beneath. With the greatest difficulty they drag themselves out of the mire.

Their shoes, socks and legs are as black as can be. The fairy queen of the green meadow punishes the four naughty boys with muddy boots.

Étienne soon rejoins them out of breath. When he sees their shoes he does not know whether to laugh or cry. He reflects in his innocent way on the calamities that strike the great and strong. As to the four rascals, they return pitifully to their homes, for I should like to know how they could go and see their friend Jean in such a shape. When they reach home their mothers can easily discover their misdemeanor by their muddy feet, while the short chubby legs of little Étienne will vouch for his good conduct.



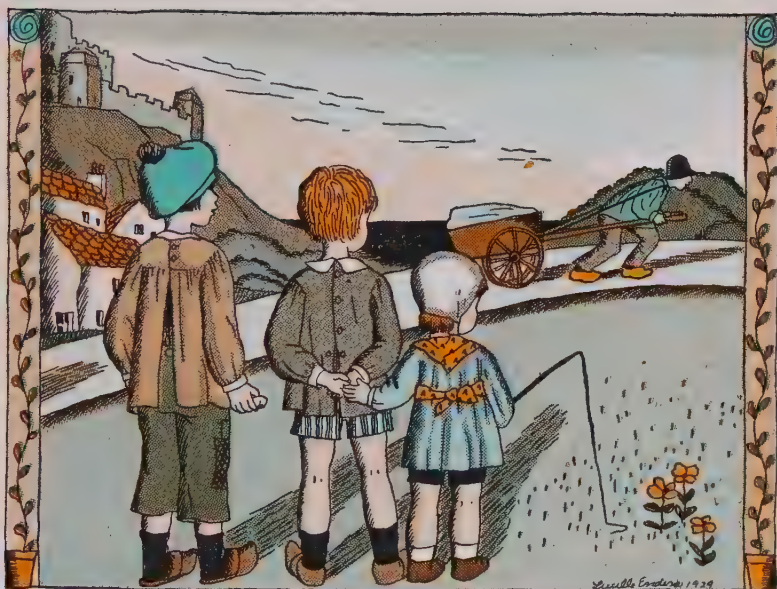


The short chubby legs of little Étienne will vouch for his good conduct.

THE PIPES OF PAN FLUTE

Three children of the same village, Pierre, Jacques and Jean are standing in the road and are simply looking about. Side by side they together resemble a pipe of Pan with only three pipes. Pierre at the left, is a tall boy; Jean at the right is short; Jacques between the others thinks he is short when he looks at his neighbor at the left but quite tall when he observes his other neighbor on the right.

Permit me to ask you to consider this situation because it applies to you, to me and everybody else in the whole world. Each one of us, just exactly like Jacques, considers himself tall or short according to the height of his neighbor. That is why one might truly say that Jacques is neither tall nor short and yet it is true that he is tall and just as true that he is small. God wished



What the boys see is a peddler's cart, dragged by its owner.



him to be exactly as he is,—as he is the middle tube of our animated Pandean pipes.

But what is Jacques doing and how about his two comrades? They are watching something,—all three of them. What do they see? Something that has disappeared from the horizon,—something of the past, yet they see it plainly enough, something that completely dazzles them. Little Jean has quite forgotten his eel-skin whip with which he keeps his little wooden top everlastingly spinning in the dusty roads of the village. Pierre and Jacques, their hands behind them, stand stupidly staring.

What the three boys see is a peddler's cart, dragged by its owner, about to stop in the street of the village.

The peddler raises the oil-cloth which covers his cart and discloses to the view of delighted men, women and children, knives, scissors, pop guns, jumping jacks, wooden soldiers, lead

soldiers, bottles of perfume, cakes of soap, colored pictures, and a thousand other interesting things. The servants from the farms and mills become pale with the desire to buy. Pierre and Jacques become flushed with joy. Little Jean sticks out his tongue at it. Everything in the cart seems to them priceless and beautiful. But what they desire most are the objects never seen before,—objects of which they can not understand either the meaning or use. There are, for example, polished globes, which reflect laughable distortions of their faces. There are Epinal wares covered with highly colored figures; there are cases and boxes containing heaven knows what. After the women buy muslin and laces by the yard, the peddler rolls down his black oil-cloth over the treasures of his cart. Then drawing on his harness he starts on his way. Shortly the peddler and his cart disappear from view.

ACROSS THE COUNTRY

After breakfast Catherine goes to the meadows with Jean, her little brother. When they set out, the day seems as young and fresh as they. The sky is not at all blue; it is really grey, but a grey more soft than any blue in the world. The eyes of Catherine are just exactly like that and seem to have been made from a piece of the early morning sky.

Catherine and Jean are all alone in their rambles over the fields. Their mother is a country housewife and is occupied about the home. They have no servant to show them the way and they have no need of a guide. They know their way; and are familiar with the woods, fields, and hills. Catherine can determine the hour of the day by observing the sun, and she has penetrated into many beautiful mysteries of nature that city-bred children don't even



Catherine loves flowers because they are ornamental.



suspect. Even little Jean himself understands many things about the woods, the ponds and mountains, because his little soul is an expression of country life.

Catherine and Jean favor a route over the flowery meadows and on the way Catherine makes a bouquet. She picks blue corn flowers, red poppies, daffodils and buttercups that are also called "chicklets." Besides she picks those pretty purple flowers which are known as "mirrors of Venus." She picks the flowers of the milk-weed, the crane's-bill and lilies of the valley, which at the least breath of air emit a delicate odor.

Catherine loves flowers because they are beautiful, and she loves them because they are also ornamental. She is a simple little girl whose lovely hair is concealed under a white cap. Her cotton apron covers her frock and she wears wooden shoes. She has never seen fine dresses



excepting those on the images of the Virgin Mary and Saint Catherine in the parish church.

But there are some things little girls know at birth. Catherine knows that flowers are becoming ornaments and that beautiful ladies who place a bunch of flowers on their bosom appear more beautiful than ever. She thinks she might also be quite stylish now since she wears a bouquet bigger than her head.

Like her flowers, her thoughts are brilliant and fragrant and cannot be expressed by words which do not do them justice. Only the prettiest songs with the liveliest and sweetest melodies can do that. So Catherine sings while picking her flowers: "Alone I'll go to the woods," and "My heart I give to him, my heart I give to him."

Little Jean has a different make-up. He follows other lines. He is a frank, jolly fellow, and while he does not yet wear breeches, his mind is quite advanced for his years, and there could

not be a more spirited fellow than he. While with one hand he holds on to his sister's dress for fear of falling, with the other he swings his whip like a big boy. His father's head hired man can hardly crack his whip any better returning home after watering the horses at the river, when he meets his intended wife on the way. Little Jean is no dreamer, and never sinks in soft reveries. He does not care for field flowers. His care is for play and rough work. He dreams of wagons stuck in the mud and big horses responding to his voice and lashes trying to get them out.

Catherine and Jean ascend a hill high above the prairies, to an elevated spot from which one can see the chimneys of the village scattered among the foliage. It is at this height that one realizes the vastness of the earth. Catherine understands here better than in any other place the sacred history that she had been

taught, the dove of the Ark, the Israelites in the Promised Land, and Jesus going from city to city.

“Let us sit down over there,” she said.

She does, and opening her hands she spreads her harvest of flowers about her. She is scented by them and the butterflies have already begun to flutter about her. She selects and then puts the flowers together. She makes wreaths and crowns of them and hangs the little bell flowers of the lily of the valley in her ears. She is now decorated like the rustic image of a Virgin worshiped by the shepherds.

Her little brother Jean, mentally occupied during this time driving imaginary horses, perceives her thus adorned with flowers, advances, and is full of admiration. Religious sentiment penetrates deeply into his little soul. He checks himself, and the whip falls from his hand. He understands how beautiful she is. He would like to be beautiful too, and entirely covered with

flowers. He endeavors but in vain to express this wish in his obscure yet sweet way. At last she guesses his meaning. Little Catherine is a big sister; a big sister is a little mother, and as such, having the sacred instinct, she anticipates and guesses his wants.

“Yes, my dear,” cries Catherine, “I am going to make you a lovely crown, so that you will be like a little king.”

Just see how Catherine twines the flowers that are blue, yellow and red in order to make a hat of them. She puts this hat upon little Jean’s head and he beams with joy. She kisses him and raises him from the ground and stands him bedecked with flowers upon a big stone. Then she admires him because he is beautiful and she has made him so.

Standing upon this nature-made pedestal, little Jean understands that he is beautiful and this thought fills him with a profound respect

for himself. He understands that he is sacred, standing straight and stiff as a statue, with wide-open eyes, his lips tightly closed, his arms at his side, his hands open with the fingers separated like the spokes of a wheel; and he tastes the pious joy of feeling that he had become an idol. The sky is above his head, the woods and fields at his feet. He is the center of the universe; he alone is great, he alone is beautiful.

But suddenly Catherine begins to laugh.

She cries, "Oh! How funny you look, my little Jean! how funny you are!"

She embraces him, kisses him, shakes him, the heavy crown slides down over his nose.

And she cries again, "How funny you look! how funny!"

She laughs, but little Jean does not. He is sad and surprised to learn that his greatness is over and he is no longer beautiful. It wounds his feelings to become just an ordinary mortal again.



Now the crown coming apart, the flowers are scattered on the ground and little Jean has become like one of us. No, he is not more beautiful than we are, but he is a fine husky fellow. He again snatches his whip and you see him getting the six horses of his dreams out of a rut.

Catherine resumes her play with the flowers, but by this time some have died and others have gone to sleep. You know that flowers sleep just like animals and now you see the campanulas that were picked some hours before closing their violet bells and sleeping in the little hands that deprived them of life. A light breeze becomes apparent and Catherine is chilled. It is the cool air of the evening which has come.

"I am hungry," says little Jean.

But Catherine has not even a piece of bread to give her little brother.

She says, "Brother, let's go home."

And both of them think of the cabbage soup which is cooking in the big pot hanging in the fire-place. Catherine collects her flowers, holding them in one arm and taking her little brother by the hand, she leads him home.

The sun is setting slowly in a red glow. The swallows in their flight brush by the children with their stationary wings. Night has come. Catherine and Jean holding each other tightly, continue homeward.

On the way home Catherine drops one flower after another. In the dead silence, they hear the never-ceasing chirp of a cricket. They are both afraid and they are sad, because the sadness of night has penetrated into their souls. Everything about them is perfectly familiar and yet they can not recognize even what they are most familiar with. It seems as if all at once the earth has become too large and old for them. They are tired and fear that they

will never reach home where their mother is making soup for the entire family. Little Jean does not crack his whip any more, and Catherine lets her last flower slip from her tired hand. She drags her brother by the arm and they both are silent.

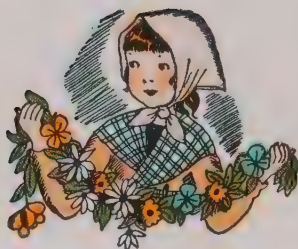
At length they see from a distance the roof of their house from which smoke is ascending to the sombre sky. There they stop, and clapping their hands, shout for joy. Catherine kisses her little brother and then with united effort, they begin to run with all the might of their tired feet. When they enter the village, some women returning from the fields wish them a good evening. They take deep breaths. Mother is on the step in her white cap and a large ladle in her hand.

"Come along, children; hurry," she cries. And they throw themselves into her arms. On entering the dining room where the cabbage



He had seen the night draw its mantle over the earth.

soup is steaming, Catherine feels another chill.
She has seen the night draw its mantle over the
earth. Jean seated upon his chair, his chin on a
level with the table, is already eating his soup.



JACQUELINE AND MIRAUT

Jacqueline and Miraut are close comrades. Jacqueline is a little girl and Miraut is a big dog. They are country folk, both of them, and of the same world, which accounts for their intimate fellowship. How long have they been acquainted? They do not know; longer than a dog or a little girl can remember. Besides they do not have to know; and they have neither the desire nor need of knowing anything. Their only idea is that they have been acquainted for a long, long time, since the creation, for neither one can imagine that the universe had existed before them. Their knowledge of the world is that it is as young, simple and artless as they are. Jacqueline and Miraut see each other in the midst of this beautiful world.

The dog is much bigger and stronger than the little girl. When he puts his forepaws upon her



shoulders he reaches above her head and chest. He could eat her up in three mouthfuls, but he knows, he feels that there is a certain power in her and little as she is she is precious. He is proud of her; he loves her. He licks her little face and hands out of affection and admiration. Jacqueline loves him because of his strength and kindness. She has a feeling of respect for him. He knows many mysteries that she cannot fathom and he possesses the spiritual insight of nature. She sees in him an innocent, sad and gentle being. She worships him just as in ancient times under another sky, men revered their hairy sylvan gods.

But one fine day she is suddenly surprised and alarmed for she has seen her mystic, her hairy god, Miraut, tied by a long rope to a tree near the well. Miraut looks at her from his beautiful, honest and patient eyes. Not knowing he is a mystic and a god dressed in skins, he



Miraut is tied by a long rope to a tree.



does not resent his chain and collar. But Jacqueline does not go up to him. She cannot understand that her divine and mystic friend should be a prisoner and a strange sadness fills her little soul.



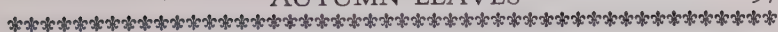
AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn is come. The wind which blows through the woods drives the leaves here and there. The chestnut trees are already bare and expose their black skeletons to the air. You may see the leaves falling from the beeches and iron-woods. The birches and poplars have assumed a golden hue, but it is the mighty oak alone that preserves its crown of green.

The morning is cool, a sharp wind drives the clouds across the sombre sky and chills the children's fingers. Pierre, Babet and Jeannot are going to collect the dead leaves which not long ago when they were alive were full of dew and songs of birds by the thousands, but now cover the ground with their dried-up dead bodies. Although dead, they give out a not unpleasant odor. They will make fine bedding for Riquette, the goat, and for Rousette, the cow.



Pierre, Babet and Jeannot run down the hill.



Pierre has taken a great big basket for he is a great big boy, almost a man. Babet has a bag, she is almost a woman. Jeannot follows them with a wheel-barrow. They run down the hill. At the edge of the wood they meet other children who have come to provide dead leaves for the winter. This is not play; it is work.

But, do not think these children are sad because they are working. Work is serious, but not sad. They often play they are working and their games are for the most part reproductions of grown-ups' occupations. You see the children at work. The boys work in silence. They are already peasants, and peasants talk but little.

The peasant girls, however, are different. Our little girls chatter without ceasing while filling the baskets and bags. Soon the rising sun delightfully warms up the country. From the roofs of the cottages ascend puffs of smoke as light as one's breath. The children know what

the smoke says. It tells them that pea soup is cooking in the pot. Still one more armful of dead leaves and the little workers will retake their homeward way.

The ascent up the hill is hard. Bending under the heavy bags or pushing the wheel-barrows, they get warm and the sweat bathes their foreheads. Pierre, Babet and Jeannot have to stop to get a breath. But the thought of the pea soup sustains their courage.

At last, panting for breath, they reach home. Their mother, waiting for them on the doorstep, cries out: "Come, children, the soup is ready." Our friends find it excellent. No soup tastes so good as that for which one has worked.



LITTLE SEA DOGS

These are little sailors, veritable sea dogs—observe them: they wear their caps pulled down to their very necks and over their ears so that the wet wind blowing from the sea may not rupture their ear-drums with its horrible noises. Their clothes are of the coarsest and heaviest wool which protects them from the cold and moisture. Their jackets and breeches, now patched, had served their elders. In fact, their clothes now suitably altered had been their fathers'. Their souls, like their clothes, are made of the same stuff as their fathers'; their souls are simple, courageous and patient. From birth they were artless, yet generous.

How did that come about? After God and their parents, it is the ocean that did it. The ocean gives the sailor courage by subjecting him to danger—really a harsh benefactor. You see



why our little sailors carry in their childish hearts the same sentiment as their elders. Leaning upon the parapet of the sea-wall, they look out upon all infinite space. They see more than the blue line which marks the narrow confines of land and ocean. They are amused neither by the delicate and varying colors of the ocean nor by the sky with its enormous and strangely shaped clouds.

What they see in the infinite space is more subtle than the tints of the water and the shape of the clouds—it is a thought of love. They are straining their eyes to see the boats which went out for fish and which will soon reappear on the horizon, bringing back the father, the older brother, and the uncle on cargoes of shrimp loaded to the gunwhales. The little fleet will soon be visible over there between the ocean and God's own sky, by its white or brown sails.



These are little sailors, veritable sea dogs.



Today the sky is clear, the sea quiet; the tide gently wafts the fisherman to the shore. But the ocean is a very fickle old fellow, who assumes all shapes and sings in every manner, according to his mood. Today he laughs and tomorrow he will be a monster growling under his beard of foam. He wrecks the best built boats, even though blessed by the priest, to the chanting of a *Te Deum*. He takes the most experienced and skillful mariners and it is his fault that one sees in the village about their homes where fish nets hang to dry beside the fish creel, so many women who are widows and dressed in mourning.

FISHING

Early one morning Jean, accompanied by his sister Jeanne, with a fishing pole over his shoulder and a basket on his arm, goes fishing. The school is closed and the pupils have their vacation and that explains why Jean with fishing pole and basket saunters along the bank of the river almost every day, closely followed by Jeanne. Jean was born in Touraine; so was Jeanne; and a river refreshes its soil. It flows clear as crystal under the silvery willows and a moist mild sky watches its course.

But Jean and Jeanne love the river, neither for the green foliage of its banks nor for its clear water which reflects the sky. They like it on account of its fish. They stop at a place most frequented by fish and Jeanne sits under a willow. Having placed his basket on the ground, Jean unwinds his line. His fishing tackle is a

simple affair: a switch and a bit of thread with a bent pin at the end. Jean furnishes the pole and Jeanne provides the thread and pin; therefore, the tackle belongs to both. But both cannot use it at the same time and the simple tackle designed to do harm only to the fishes, gives rise to a domestic quarrel and transforms the peaceful banks into a scene of arguments. The brother and sister argue for the individual use of the line. When they at last become tired of arguing, Jean and Jeanne consent to use peacefully what neither was able to decide by argument. They decide that the line should pass into the hands of the other after each catch.

Jean is the first to fish but will he ever stop? He does not openly violate the agreement but defeats its purpose by a contemptible trick. To keep the line from his sister he does not land the fish that bite at the bait and bob the cork.



Jean is the first to fish but will he ever stop?

Jean is selfish, Jeanne is patient. She has been waiting for six hours. Now she seems to be getting tired of idleness and after yawning and stretching she lies down under the shade of a willow and closes her eyes. Jean looks at her from the corner of his eye and thinks she is sleeping. The float sinks. He draws out the line at the end of which something shines like silver. The fish has taken the hook. "Now it's my turn," cries a voice behind him, and Jeanne snatches the pole.



THE SOLDIERS

René, Bernard, Roger, Jacques and Étienne consider a military life the finest thing in the world. Francine is of the same opinion and would like to be a boy so she might become a soldier. They are attracted by the beautiful uniforms, the epaulets, the gold lace and the swords that gleam in the light. There is still another reason why the mother country puts the soldier in the first rank of importance—it is because he offers his life. In this world nothing is so truly great as sacrifice and to sacrifice life is the noblest of all because it includes all the others. That is why there is a throb in the breasts of the citizens when a regiment goes by.

René is the General. On his head is a cocked hat made of paper and his war-horse is a chair. A drummer and four men of whom one is a girl

make up his entire force. "Shoulder arms! Forward, march," and the procession starts. Francine and Roger have an excellent appearance under arms. Jacques holds his gun as if he were half asleep. That is due to his melancholy nature; so do not reproach him for that. But his little brother, Étienne, the smallest soldier of the regiment, remains sad. He is ambitious and wants to be a general at once. That is his trouble. "Forward! Forward!" cries René. "We shall now attack the Chinese who are in the dining room." The chairs represent the Chinese when playing war; the chairs are excellent Chinese. They fall and nobody can succumb better than they. When the legs of the chairs are up in the air, René cries, "Soldiers, now that we have conquered the Chinese, let us eat." This suggestion is accepted by the entire army without a single dissenting voice. Soldiers have to eat.



On his head is a cocked hat made of paper and his war horse is a chair.

On this occasion the commissary department has supplied the forces with the most exquisite and desirable food—buns, madeleines, coffee cakes, chocolate cakes and currant syrup. The army fairly devours its rations. The glum Étienne is the only one who does not eat. He looks with envy at the sword and cocked hat that the general left on the chair. He stealthily approaches them, grabs them, and slips into the adjoining room. There before a mirror he puts on the hat, brandishes the sword; he is a general, a general without an army, a general to nobody but himself. Full of indefinite anticipation and very remote realization of his hopes, he now tastes the pleasure of his ambition.





THE END







